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*G. Jane, R. P. D. Hen.  
Episc. Lond. à Sacr.  
Dom.*

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Two Sermons  
Preach'd at the  
**FUNERALS**  
Of the Right Honourable  
**ROBERT LORD LEXINGTON,**  
AND THE  
**LADY MARY** his WIFE.

---

By *Samuel Holden* A. M. late of *Lincoln Colledge in Oxford*  
and Chaplain to his Lordship, Deceased.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *J. Edwyn*, at the *Three Roses* in *Ludgate-street*. 1676.

# TWO SERMONS

Preached at the

## FUNERALS

Of Mrs. Mary Anne

ROBERT, late of Exbury

and

WIFE OF

By Samuel Johnson, D.D. late of the University of Oxford  
and Chaplain in Ordinary to His Majesty

LONDON

Printed for J. Edwards, at the Theatre, in the Strand



A  
**FUNERAL SERMON**

Upon the Right Honourable

**ROBERT Lord LEXINGTON,**

Who dyed *Octob. 11. 1668.*

The SERMON being defer'd till *Decemb. 21.*

Being the Day of his Birth.

**ECCLES. Chap. VII. Ver. I.**

*A good Name is better than precious  
 Oyntment: And the day of Death,  
 than the day of ones Birth.*



These words of Consolation call for  
 the perusal of Mourners; of Eyes,  
 from which Tears must be wip'd  
 away, e'r they can read them. *Solo-*  
*mon* designs the consutation of sighs  
 (especially when inordinate) for  
 good Men deceas'd, and to unlearn  
 Survivors that obstinate Grief, which Nature or the  
 Fashion may either feel or imitate.

## A Funeral Sermon.

This *Spectacle of Death* seems to bid *Mourn*; and in the words of *David* to enquire, *Know you not that there is a Great Man dead in Israel?* But then the recollection of his *life past*, and the apprehension of his *life present*, counsel to refrain, and in the words of *David's Lord* advise, *Weep not for me, but weep for your selves.* Which counsel I designing to enforce, selected this *Position of David's Son*, *A good Name is better than precious Ointment, &c.*

Still, still methinks *the words* do whisper me, that there's no reason we should be perplex'd with long deploring of the *Good*; But then methinks the *Audience* whispers me, that there's no reason I should perplex my self with long insisting upon that *Advice*; for *shortness* of Concern to *some*, and *length* of time to *others*, have already Preach'd my *Introduction*. I shall therefore address my self to the words, *A good Name is better than Ointment, &c.*

*A Bad Name*, there is none so *Bad* to covet, though many design the *Actions* that deserve it. *A great Name* most *Men* wish, though few attain success so great as may atchieve it. The *first* of these the *wicked* have, *Wisd.* 2. 4. and the *foolish* deserve, whilst they by oppression add field to field, and call their *Lands* after their own names, *Psal.* 49. 11. The *second*, (viz. *A Great Name*) the *Babel-builders* desir'd, *Gen.* 11. 4. Let us get us a Name; the *Jews* were promis'd, *Zeph.* 3. 19. I will get them praise and fame in every Land; and the *Gyants* enjoy'd, being מְהִימָנִים Men of Renown, *Gen.* 6. 4. *Herostratus*, who burnt *Diana's Temple*, design'd this last, and possesses the first; being the proud Contriver of a hated memory.

And what be hop'd, how many more still hunt for?  
what

what *thousands* strive to fill the World with noise? and studiously expose their breath to dangers, to live in the surviving breath of *others*? This *Name*, when once grown guilty of decay, how boldly do Men struggle to regain? making too oft a balsam of their own hearts blood, to cure a bleeding estimation. This *Name* how many *Hedihens* have acquir'd? for *Curtius*, that his *Name* might find no *Funeral*, leap'd living into one; and (a) *Empedocles* became a voluntary Loser in his *Person*, to be a Gainer in his *Memory*; casting himself alive into the flames of *Ætna*, to be talk'd on after Death; and dying the prey of fire, that he might live a life of smoke.

(a) *Hippobotus*, quoted by *Diog. Laert.* in *vita Empedoclis*.

But alas! what imports such a *Name* to the Dead, which (besides their want of fruition) is vary'd at the discretion of the living? How many Men have made their lives give light to others seeking Virtue in the dark, and left (when dead) bright beams of Fame to guide them? In which beams some Men admire much lustre; others find strange alloys of darkness and of shade. Thus Life is succeeded by dubious reputation, as *Daylights* room's inherited by *Moonshine*; in which some kind *Spectators* see a *Man*; some idle heads a *Buss*; and some a *Dog*. The breath which often makes up Mans repute, obtains the fate of common Air, returning what wholesome or infected lungs shall make it. Concerning the *Aposiles* (even alive) some in amazement cry (b), *What meaneth this*? But others in derision, *They are full of new Wine*.

(b) *Acts* 1. 13.

But could the world be so little the world, as to be uniform and constant in its opinions; yet what's a *Name* that's only Great? It is a *Monument* built, like  
stupen-

## A Funeral Sermon.

stupendious *Pyramids*, more for Mens wonder, than their approbation. *Fame* is a noise resembling that of *Thunder*, which rattles in our ears, and makes no Musick; 'Tis *Goodness* gives the relish.

### A Good Name.

Now ev'ry Name that's Great, is not still Good; nay, a Great Name is very often Bad; whilst a Man's sense of his own power and glory inclines him to act by presumption, conceiving himself secure from controul: As *Heathens* in *Lawrels* desid'd *Thunder*. *Herod* had a Name as great, as he had *Virtue* little. The *Chimney* is the highest part of the House, and 'tis the foulest too. Good Names are the acquisitions of *Goodness*, not of *Power*; of *Triumphs* over *Vices*, not over *Kingdoms*. 'Tis *Moderation*, not *Titles*, must be known unto all men (c). Those make Men live the *Slaves* of *Epithites*, and dye perhaps the *Martyrs* of *Orations*, and *flattering Inscriptions*.

(c) Phil. 4. 5.

'Tis true מִשְׁמָחָה in the Text, only imports a Name, and the *Hebrew* omits this Attribute of Good, it being the addition of the *Septuagint*, or vulgar *Latin*, or else (as *Lorinus* says) of the *Chaldee*.

But though the word's not in the Original, the Sense is there. It is the Good, *Ecclesiastes* means; for Names no more than Great, are not so useful as to outvalue precious *Oyntment*; they seldom live before the Owners dye; and then each enjoys them but the Men that should. But a Good Name, though it survive the Man, and though himself be senseless of the rumor; yet he possesses the result of all those Actions that acquire'd it, being happy by them; and what though  
other

other Men alone discern the *clinking*, if I enjoy the *treasure*?

Besides, *Solomon* must needs mean a *Good Name*, because none but of *Power* and *Eminence* gain *Great Ones*; But even the *mean* and *poor* may reach to that repute, which is ( *to them* ) better than *Oyntment*; and which way may that be, but by being good? That's not the atchievement of the *brawny arm* alone, the *feeble knees* may have it? 'Tis not a thing so proud, as ever to inclose it self in *Cedar*; but is oft the Tenant to low *Roofs* and *Cottages*; whil't *Lazarus* is a Name better than *Julius Caesar*.

A *Great Name* so differs from a *Good Name*, as a *Great Man* does from a *Good Man*; and whatsoever *Virtue Man* may discern in *Man*, proportionably entitles him to that Appellative of *Good*. Now that *stile*, that *title*, should be all *Mens Avarice* (d), though it proves few *Mens Riches*; 'tis all *Mens love*, though it be few *Mens study*; 'tis *Warmth* in the *Winter*; *Sunshine* in the *Grave*; the *Emulation* of the *Wise*; and the *Envy* of *Fools*. A *Good Name* is

(d) Negligere quid de se quisque sentiat, non solummodo arrogans est, sed omnino dissoluti. Cic.

Better than *Oyntment*,

Now by *Oyntment*, some (with *Olympiodorus*) understand,

I. To flow in *Riches* and *Delights*; reflecting upon that of *David*, *Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than when their Wine and Oyl increased*, as 'tis in our *Service-Translation* of *Psal. 4. 8*. This the *Psalmist* elsewhere expresses by *Rivers of Oyl*; the same word being there render'd, *Oyl*, which is here, *Oyntment*.

B

Nay,



Nay, the very word *שמן* is in this very place Translated by the Septuagint *ἐλαίον ἀγαθόν*, *good Oyl*; which we (with Symmachus) teach to speak as much as *μύρον ευαδύς*, *precious oylment*, or rather indeed, *oylment of a good savour*; which some (as I said) expound, *Riches*, &c.

These indeed are *oyls* or *oylments*; but (like that of the (e) *Apothecary*) full of drown'd Flies: Infatuated men (the sons of *Ease* and *Sunshine*) perish here. Here indeed (according to holy *David's* language) *Rivers of oyl* may be; and such as flow, like *Pactolus*, upon *golden Sands*. Here you may survey the prosperous rich man's state; upon those *Rivers Banks* we have a *Landtschape* of *Elms* tall and fair, and without fruit; of *Tantalus* his *Apples*, glorious to the eye, to raise a distant expectation, and deceive approach; our Saviour's *Fig-tree*, of a tempting shew, and cur's'd; *Job's Vine*, which shakes its *Grapes* off, yet unripe; his *Olive* too, miscarrying in its *flowers* (f); and *Jonah's Gourd*, for shade without duration: And here sleeps wealthy man, and here he dies; and oft unfortunately dies amidst delights: like an *unweildy* body, which sinks deep where the *ground's* soft.

The *Greeks* perhaps might have their *wealth* more literally term'd *oylment*; who, by expensive unction of their heads, at once betray'd their riches, and laid them out; which practice was derided by *Diogenes*, anointing his own feet, and crying out, That (g) *oylment on the head* lost all its *virtue in the Air*, but from the feet sent up its *sweets into the Nostrils*. But alas! this made them sweet beneath the sex of men, waisting their reputation with their unguents; whilst, grown effeminate, they often lost their names the *sacrifices* to perfumes

(e) Ἀπὸ μὲν τῆ κεφαλῆς εἰς τὴν αἶρα ἀπέρχεται τὸ μύρον, ἀπὸ δὲ τῶν ποδῶν εἰς τὴν ὀσφρὸν. Diog. Laert. in vita Diog.

*perfumes and sweet consistencies.* Besides, what kindness could this do them in the Land of *Moles* and *Pismires*, where all their odors found a Grave with them?

But a good Name *perfumes the breath of Children, and Childrens Children.* The wealthy may awhile blaze in the world with much *shew*, and some *beat*; and in a while, like *dying Coals*, cover themselves with *Asbes*, when *Death* (their *universal Night*) approaches; But a good Name survives in *gleams* of light, and *glows* to long posterity. A good Name is better than riches, Prov. 22. 1. That's one sort of *oyl* or *oyntment*; but a good Name is better than that, and better also

## Than Oyntment, which

II. *Is us'd in the anointing Kings*; for in this place the *Chalde Paraphrase* understands, by *Oyntment*, *Superiority and Rule.* *Saul was thus anointed* (b): And (b) 1 Sam. his Successors had it, in a manner, as the *Sacrament* of<sup>10.</sup> their *Authority.*

*Superiörity and Rule?* This, this is *Ambition's gay encouragement*; when (i) *Marins* thinks that (i) *Pintarch.* *GREATEST* is a style much better than *BEST*; in *vitâ Marii.* when men fill splendid outsidés, with black and horrid insides; (not much unlike those odd Intruders into Mysteries, that place Hell in the Body of the Sun) when men regard not how much Devils they prove, so that each man may stand on a high Mountain, and cry, *All this is mine.*

But, though even harmlesly acquir'd, what's *Dignity*? It makes men wonder, and it makes men *envy*;



whil'st they *look up* to wish the Owner lower. By this men swell into a *Power publick enough to have whole Kingdoms curse them*. Men in mean garments may perhaps be slain; but 'tis, like *Ahab* (k), with a *Bow drawn at adventure*: But men in Robes are shot at with design; and all, like *Syrians*, level all their darts at gay *Jehoshaphat* (l). O *Dignity*! if rightly weigh'd, an odious Priviledge! By this men have a right to ride before, like *Postillions* of the world, for all the *Beasts* that follow to bespatter: So that it well may be unwish'd in life; but 'twill at *Death* be surely unenjoy'd. Man shall carry nothing with him when he dyeth, neither shall his pomp follow him (m). I have said ye are gods, but ye shall dye like men, &c. (n). Or else perhaps dye like the god in the *Fable*, which every *Frog* dares trample and disdain, when he perceives him to lie still.

But a good Name (the poor man's sole felicity) makes even the poor a *Prince*; and so much more a *Prince*, by how much more belov'd than fear'd; and even interr'd he is obey'd by good men (if not in particular commands, yet) in his publick example; for imitation may be one sort of obedience. And so lying still; *Gloriosa satis requiescit urna*. A good Name is better

(o) *Mos antiquis fuit ut Nobilium Corpora sepelienda ungerentur, & cum aromatis sepebirentur.*  
(p) *Casaub. Exerc. in Bar. Annal.*

*Tban Oyntment*, which

III. Is us'd in *Funerals*. (o) *Eucherius Lugdunensis* tells us, 'Twas an ancient custom to anoint Bodies to be buried, and to interr them with perfumes. And this the *Jews* (as *Casaubon* (p) observes) deriv'd from the *Egyptians*. Some think this Solemnity attended with exenteration, or embowelling for keeping;

But

But although this was *customary* in *Egyptian Pollin-  
Tures*; yet have we not ground to conclude the  
*Jews* their Scholars in the practice; the *Septuagint*,  
skill'd in the *Jewish customs*, using for *anointing* (not  
so much *ταπνίζω*, as) *μυρίσσει*, which meerly does im-  
port an unction: so that, amongst the *Jews*, the un-  
guents seem not so much intended for the conserva-  
tion of the *dead*, as to intimate the kind regards of  
the *living*; to which, in all probability, our Saviour  
refers, in saying, *She has beforehand anointed my body  
to the burial* (q).

(q) Mark 14.  
8.

But what's this to a *good Name*? What was this  
practice, but a *fond employment*, to deck the Body up  
in gaudy garments, when 'twas to take a *journey* in the  
*dark*; to go hence and be no more seen. They seem'd  
to take great care, lest they should prove *annoyance*  
to the *Worms*, or bring a favor which might be offen-  
sive to the curiousness of some Neighbor carcase.  
But (which abates the value of this *oyntment*) *Fools*  
might buy it, and *Knaves* sell it; Survivors frequent-  
ly bestow'd it upon those in *Death*, whose *Lives* (of  
all the world) they would the least desire should be  
repeated. The *Ignorant* might dye supply'd w<sup>th</sup> this;  
and, when they lay down in the Bed of *Just*, might  
sleep as sweet as *Socrates*.

But it is one *good quality* of a *good Name*, that 'tis  
the wise man's purchase; and vouchsafed in his death,  
only to those whose lives men lov'd. This is an *Oynt-  
ment*, which, when the waters are come in, almost unto  
our Souls, still floats above; and makes the wise esteem  
himself out of the reach of *drowning*; like *Oyl*, it  
heals the wounds bad times inflict; like *Oyl*, 'twill  
keep us safe, although perhaps *repute* may be attempt-  
ed

ed to be venom'd with the poyson of Affs which lies under some lips. A good Name is better than precious Oymment, and

*The day of Death, better than the day of one's Birth.*

Zeno thought Life and Death in themselves *ἀδιάφορα*, things indifferent; because whatever in it self is *bad*, can by no circumstance be render'd *good*;

(r) Εἴ τι τί  
ἐστὶν ὃ ἐστὶν  
ὡς καὶ  
ἡμεῖς τὸ τοῦ  
ἐστὶν ἀγαθόν.  
Diog. Laert. in  
vitā Zen.

and whatsoever in it self is *good* (r), he thought it was not in our power to use, either ill or well at pleasure. But be they things indifferent in themselves, or be they not; this is most certain, that there is no such felicity in Life, as may justifie our *customary fondness* in it; or horror in Death (I mean *abstracted from sin and its consequences*) as may countenance our general aversion from it (s). Nay, when compar'd with

(s) Τὸ γὰρ  
δυνατὸν ἔχει  
ἀλλ' ἡμεῖς, ἀλλ'  
ἀγαθὸς δα-  
νείν, Menand

Life, Death may look *temptingly*; surely a great and aged Judge of Beauty informs us, that it has the better features, Death is better than Birth, better therefore than Life. 'Tis of more friendship too; or if in Death be ought of enmity (since 'tis said, *the last Enemy that shall be destroyed is* (t) Death) we may defeat it by dying ere it comes; though living in Christ by Faith, yet dying to Sin by Repentance; which may be much improv'd, even by contemplation upon Death; thus conquering Death, by minding Death; killing it self, with it self; like the Athenians, who (before defenceless) made themselves walls of Tombs and Gravestones.

(t) 1 Cor.  
15.

Now Death's Priviledges lie,

I. In what it ends.

II. In what it begins.

I. In

I. In what it ends.

St Jerom instances in the imprisonment in the Body from which *Death* delivers the Soul: Although perhaps the posture of the Soul, in state of separation, may not so properly be reputed freedom, since 'tis a property fix'd to its essence, to be (in such a state) desirous of reunion. Infomuch that some (in that place of St Peter (u) concerning Christ's Preaching to the Spirits in Prison) have render'd *ἐλπίδα*, <sup>19.</sup> expectation; making the separated state of humane Spirits a Prison, because they are debar'd the satisfaction of their so natural inclinations. But however, with St Jerom,

1. *Death puts a period to uncertainty and doubt*; to which our *Birth* entitles us, making the wise unsure what we may prove; and Fools misread the Alphabet of Heaven, to find what Letters make our future Fortunes. By *Birth* we enter into Life so dubious, that *Pyrrho* and the *Scepticks* doubted not to doubt of every thing, and to resolve all knowledge into scruple and conjecture.

Through all the parts of time, with *Solomon*, we live uncertain of our time, and know not what a day may bring forth. We all are strong *Idolaters* of to-morrow; neglecting well to manage present time, by our too great anxiety for the future, for hours which we presume shall come, but which (for ought we know) the Sun shall never live to make; For who can tell but ev'ry Night may close his eye, and hang the world in mourning for his death?

(w) 2 Sam.  
20. 9.

*Uncertain* are we in our *Friends*, like *Amasa* (w), or *Julius Caesar*, we well may perish the *deluded* *Sacrifices* of pretended *Brothers*, or *adopted Sons*; For *Natures* do not ever answer *Names*; nor is it alwayes *Truth* which tempts our eye-sight with the fairest *Print*.

*Uncertain*, are we in *Enjoyments*. *Riches* make themselves wings, wings (like the *Butterfly's*) gilded and flutt'ring, and unresolv'd how to bestow themselves: They, from the good, oft travel to the bad; oft do they quit a *Rose*, hover awhile, then light upon a *Thistle*.

*Uncertain* is our *Health*; the *slave of weather*; vary'd with *Heat* and *Cold*; it shakes at a *Frost*, and sickens at a *Sun-beam*; whilst poor *Physicians*, mortal as our selves, (the real *Sons* of our *Infirmities*, though the pretended *Fathers* of our *Healths*) offer at *Reasons* to protract *Man's life*; and then themselves dye to confute them.

*Uncertain* are our *Joyes*, which (like *Belshazer's*) appear upon our faces, soon to be dash'd with some surprize, some hand upon a wall; nay, *Joy* is so uncertain, that it is uncertain if such a thing exist on this side *Heaven*.

Nay more, *Uncertain* are even our selves, when we cannot confide, no not in our own *dispositions*; but teach to morrow to repel those *Acts* which yesterday allow'd, and make this hour correct what seem'd discretion in the last; and that with some new wisdom to be controll'd the next. All these, and more *Uncertainties* our *Birth* begins.

(x) Psa. 89.  
48.

But then comes certain *Death*, (for what man is he that lives, and shall not see (x) *Death*?) and shuts out



out all *Contingencies*. Man then enjoys a blessed security; But then it must be one, who ( by a *second Birth* ) has gain'd exemption from a *second Death*, for else his *Certainty* is dismaller than *Doubt*. Man being *dead*, no more consults the *variable Moon*; nor studies *Heaven*, to mistake his *Fortunes* upon *Earth*; no more regards the *wind*; for him, it still may blow, and where it lists may blow; no more, by *doubting* Friends, shall he deserve to *find* them what he *suspects* them; he then no more shall fear the *wings* of riches, nor *clog* them with his cares to stay their *flight*; no *Mene Tekel* then shall startle him; nor shall he abate his *pleasures* whil't he has them, with dread lest he too soon should be without them; no more shall he distrust his *constitution*, nor ask his *trembling pulses* how he does; nor shall he any more have reason to *diffide* in his own resolves.

2. *Birth begins temporal misery, Death ends that.* Although the good are never truly wretched, yet few there are that make themselves such *Monsters*, as ( in the common crowd ) not to *complain*. 'Tis not alone at others *Funerals* that we contend to be in *mourning*; but each Man in his *own losses* pursues the *fashion*, and, what he wants in *woe*, makes out in *noise*; he puts his *Fortunes* into *black*, to court his *Neighbors pity*; so that whil't he cloaths his complaint with *sables* (much above the quality and true estate of his exigence) he makes his *misery* as it were his *boast*, and it appears more like the daughter of his *pride*, than his *misfortune*; as if *Jerusalem's sad exclamation* became his mouth, *Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow* ( y )? ( y ) Lam. i. 12. Each mans particular *unhappiness* is to his own eyes magnifi'd beyond the proportion of anothers *sufferings*.

*ings.* What Man in pain, deems not his own distemper most insupportable? How many does misfortune urge to wish that to themselves, which *Hezekiah* deplores in others, *That when they being Children came to the Birth, there had not been strength to bring forth (x),* even, with *Job*, unwishing their Nativities?

(x) 2 Kings  
19. 3.

When we contemplate humane misery, and add (to that) the infirmity of our constitutions; *Birth* seems to render us as capable of wishing *Death*, as secure of meeting it. Nor seems *Death* only the design of *Birth*, but its near Kinsman too; for *Death* is *Sleep's Brother*, says the *Philosopher*; and *Life's a Dream*, says the *Preacher* (a): *A Dream* (like *Pharaoh's*) wherein Men (like *Beasts*) devour each other, and the worse the better; for *bad Men* prosper by defrauding *good Men*, yet stile they this detestable success by the beloved name of *good fortune*; yet ev'n in this *good fortune* (besides the guilt) what great unhappiness lies hid? what tortures, and what agonies of thought? what nips of conscience, and what keen reflections? The splendid condition of evil Men, *holy David* (b) resembles to a *flourishing green Tree*; and in another *Psalms* he stiles Man *Grass*: Now rich Men grow, like *Grass* under that *Tree*, much *higher* and much *greener* than the rest; and *sourer* too by much, considering their sins and cares; and oft too, *shorter-liv'd* by much, their too large growth inviting (as it were) *Deaths fatal Sythe*. Nor does *Job* mend the character of *Life*, when he compares it to a *Pass*; soon ends the *Stage*, after a restless journey full of *haste and dirt*.

(a) Eccles. 6.  
(b) Psal. 37.

But what a pleasant place the Journey ends in? *Why dread ye Death, the Begitter of Ease?* says *Me-*  
nan-



*nander (c). What is Death? the laying down a heavy Burden, sayes St Austin (d). Blessed are the Dead, which dye in the Lord; from henceforth they rest from their labours, sayes the Spirit (e). This great advantage of Death, prompted Isidorus Pelusota to conceive that our Saviour wept not for the decease of Lazarus; but because (for the belief of the Jews) he was to reduce him to that Life (that vexatious Life) from which Death had absolv'd him.*

*(c) Τὸν ὀν-  
 valov τὴν πε-  
 σίδι, ἡ ἐου-  
 χὴν παντὶ ἡ-  
 ἡ πᾶσι τοῖς  
 οἰσιν. Men.  
 (d) Quid est  
 mors? Depo-  
 sitio sarcinae  
 gravis. Aug.  
 (e) Rev. 14.*

*The Grave at once shuts up Mans Corps, and Cares. Hid in the dark, there no misfortune finds him: The Drum shall beat, and yet his pulse not strike a stroke the faster. The earth shall blush in her own childrens blood, for her own childrens spilling it; and yet his visage suffer the complexion neither of shame nor fear. Sickness shall come, and mingle Fevers with warm Sunshine; till each Neighbor dyes, at once his Neighbors wonder and example; till weary Graves implore the aid of more capacious Pits; yet the Dead shall ne're molest himself with seeking Sanctuary in some distant dwelling, where he may live a Coward to each strangers face, or dye the business of Deaths further travel. - Poverty shall come, and Want as an armed Man, and Friends (astonish'd at the sight) withdraw like fearful Women; yet still shall he lie void of want and care, amidst the quiet company of his old Relations; in the embraces of corruption, to which he may say, Thou art my Mother; and of the Worms, to whom, Thou art my Sister and Brother (f). And this perhaps might be some reason why the Muscovites (if we believe (g) Sabellicus) do annually solemnize the Funerals of Friends, with no less pomp than some of us our Nuptials. And now, so kind is Death, so cruel,*

*(f) Job 17.  
 (g) Obser-  
 vantur Dies  
 obitus, quem  
 anniversarii  
 celebrant epu-  
 li. Sabel. Enn.  
 10. lib. 3.*

*Life* ; that he who covets this, deserves not that ; especially if we consider with *Olympiodorus*, that

3. By *Birth* we enter into a capacity of actual sin, which ( in the good ) *Death* puts an end to. And could it but oblige the wicked so ; the Learn'd suppose, that even to the *Damn'd*, *Death* would be better than *Life* ; For penal Evil, viz. *Suffering*, is a less Evil than the moral, viz. *Sinning*, by how much less it opposes the Supreme Good ; Sin, in the act, has no colours but what defie God, but *Suffering* wears the Livery of his Justice. So that, were but the *Damn'd* exempt from *Sinning*, their posture were much better than this *Life* ( which still involves us in it ) in spite of all their *Suffering*. But even as the *Damn'd* now are, or ever shall be , their *Birth* has nought to boast of over *Death* ; for to whom e're it is not good to dye, it had been better he had ne're been born.

But however, with the good the case is indisputable. His *Death* outdoes his *Birth*, by undoing *Sin* ; *Sin ! Lifes Concubine* ( for it ne're lies from it ) and *Deaths Mother* ( for, the *Apostle* sayes, it brings it forth ) This *Mother* dyes in bringing forth the *Daughter*. The *Viper* makes her own *Nativity* her *Dams Funeral*, revenging on her the harm she did the world, in the production of so dire an off-spring: Just so does *Death* destroy the cause of dying: The good, by suffering it, desist to merit it ; for they desist to sin.

Hitherto we have consider'd the *Obligations* of *Death*, in those ills it determines ; and *Birth* is swallow'd up in *Victory* ; now we must view,

II. That great Good which it introduces.

Like *night*, it blots out *one* day, to begin *another*; For *Dying* makes a Man immortal; and that great Argument, which proves him but a *Man*, promotes him to society of *Angels*: But then, still *Death* must be what *Balaam* wish'd, *O that I might dye the Death of the Righteous!* Man, by his *Birth*, assumes a *Life*, by which he *lives* in daily likelihood of no longer living; but he *dyes* into an *incapacity* of *Dying*. We know that we have a *House*, not made with hands, eternal in the *Heavens*. WE KNOW, sayes the *Apostle* (b).

(b) 2 Cor. 5.

But why then is it said, *WHO KNOWS, &c?* *Eccles. 3. 21.* Our Translation is somewhat more favourable than either the *Greek* or *Latin*, or indeed our ancient *English Translations*; for, that which we read, *Who knows the Spirit of Man that ascendeth upwards*; They render, *Who knows the Spirit of Man, if it ascendeth upwards* (i).

Quar.

Does then the learned *Apostle* contradict the wise *King*? Or was his knowledge improv'd beyond the reach of *Solomons*? One demands (and demanding, denies) *Who knows*? The other seems to reply, *We know*.

(i) Kai τίς  
εἶδε πνεῦμα  
ἄνθρωπος ὅτι ἀναβή-  
ται ἐκ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου;  
&c. Septuag.  
Si Spiritus,  
&c. vul. lat.

To reconcile these places, the *Scotists* distinguish betwixt *Knowledge* by *Divine Revelation*, viz. *Faith*; and *Knowledge* by *Natural Deduction*, viz. *Reason*: And then they reply, that *Ecclesiastes* only demands this, *Who knows BY REASON* whether the *Soul* be immortal? And the *Apostle* tells us, That (although we may not attain the assurance of our Souls Ever-

lastingness

*lastingness by Reason, yet ) We know it by FAITH.* But this Reply falls short of satisfaction; nor can these Texts refer to the Souls *Immortality* alone; for of that even *Socrates* and *Plato* were sufficiently secure, even by rational Collections: Nay, 'twas the general persuasion of Heathens; for who amongst them apprehended not something of *bliss*, or *pain*, on the other side the Grave? And 'tis indeed very demonstrable (were it, at present, so convenient) that *Humane Spirits are all Deathless*. So that *Lorinus* conceives it only an *Article of Faith* to shallower Intellectuals, whose weakness craves the assistance of Divine Discoveries, to make them apprehend it. But nevertheless, *Dependence on Gods Word for the firm credence of the Truth, is a practice more secure and commendable, even in the most acute capacities.*

But in Answer to this doubt, *Solomon* here (by *ascending upward*) means but the same with that in his 12<sup>th</sup> Chapter of *Ecclesiastes*, Ver. 7. *And the Spirit ascendeth unto God who gave it*; which imports, not only the humane Spirits *eternity*, but also (if of the pious) its *felicity*; not only its *perpetuity*, but also its *place of abode* in that perpetuity. And here indeed *REASON* falls short, and *FAITH* flies home. The Heathens knew that their Souls should not die; but how, or where they should live, how ignorant were they? how unsatisfi'd? We may well ask with *Solomon*, *Who knows*, by *REASON*, the place and posture of our Souls surviving? But yet we may answer with the *Apostle*, *By FAITH we know, that, when this earthly Tabernacle shall be dissolv'd, we have a House, not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.*

This,

This, with the rest, are *Deaths Priviledges*. So that, although it be the *rich* and *bad Mans Fury*, yet 'tis the *poor* and *good Mans Mistrifs*. The *good Man* courts her to *advance* his *Fortune*; *I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, which is far better*: The other, for his *Sanctuary*, and in his own defence. To both the *Grave* is *advantageous*, and to *dye* is *gain*. Better is their *Death*, than any natural thing that attended their *Lives*, and better than *Birth* that began them.

But, though the Text be full of *Consolation* to the *dying Man*, or his *surviving Friends*; though *Death* exceeds either our *Birth* or *Life*; Yet we must wear this *Caution* in our *Bosomes*, not *wilfully* and *violently* to exchange our *Life* for *Death*. We all must study to *provide* for *Death*, not to *procure* it. The encouragement will never *justife* some bold *Pretenders*, who furiously *lay hands* upon themselves; and *court* not *Death*, but *ravish* her. 'Twas once indeed a *Learned Mans* (k) *persuasion* (though alter'd afterwards) (t) Dr Donn. That *Self-murther* did not any thing *intrench* on the *Divine Authority*, nor *violate* that great *Command*, *Thou shalt not kill*: presuming that *Injunction* only related to the *Lives* of others.

But if to *theirs*, then also to our *own*; though not in *Precept*, yet in *Presupposal*. *Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy self*, is our *Saviours Summary* of the last *Six Commandments*: So that in our own *Bosomes*, we bear directions for our *deportment* towards others. Our *Nature* then being *presum'd averse* from wishing that we might be *rob'd* our selves, we are commanded therefore *Not to Steal*: So likewise in *False Witness* and *Defamation*: and as in other *Precepts*, so in this;  
it



(1) *Plutach.*  
in vita *Brutii.*  
in fine.

it being presuppos'd, that none would willingly anticipate his *End*, by engaging himself in his own *Deaths*; it follows therefore, *Thou shalt not kill thy Neighbour*. And how can that Command which presupposes the *Negative*, permit the *Positive*? But what if murdering *our selves*, we murder *others* too? Examples oft contract a *guilt* by others imitation: And who can pronounce *Brutus* innocent of *Portia's* blood, when she learnt death of him, and dy'd enamor'd on the fatal *President* (1). Nay, what if I (in my own private fall) become a *general Assassin*? For he that kills *himself*, does what he can to kill *Mankind*; and were the World as *docile* in sins of pain and horror (for *horrid* enough *Death* seems, though 'tis not so) as in guilt of other complexions, *Killing* might grow *infectious*, till the Universe became but one *Acelandama*; one Man would dye his Neighbors *destruction*, and become a Rule for the next Man to *expire* by; he to the next, and so throughout the *species*, till ne're a vein were left in *Humane Nature*, to bleed the *sin* over again.

(m) *Ecclef.*  
9. 12.

But though (as some may think) there should be no intrenchment upon *Gods Command*, in Self-destruction; yet stands not his *Veracity* inviolate. For on what grounds could he assert, That Man remains uncertain of his latter end [*man knoweth not his time*(m)]; if it be subject to his own disposal? He that may be his own *Executioner*, may be his own *Prophet* too; and readily foretell that *Fate*, which he has *liberty* and *power* to make. Nor is this kind of *Death* (as *Cato* and *others*, fancy'd) the strong result of *generous spirits*; but the offspring of *timorous dispositions*: For, though those Tyrants over their own flesh relented not

not at those *Black Guards*, which still stood ready muster'd in the *vale* of Death; yet dreaded they those bloody Colours, which they saw display'd against them on the *Plains of Life*; proclaiming to the world that they durst *dye*, because they were afraid to live. If this be *Bravery* and *Courage*, each Fool may be a *Hero*, with the assistance of *misfortune*, and a little *peevishness*; and though he lives, like *Nabal*, and folly with him, he may depart the world like a *Counsellor*, and lie down in the *dust* as wisely as *Achitophel*.

So that, although kind *Death* does make us Presents richer than Life, yet we may not snatch at them. *All the dayes of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.* The great *felicity* we would atchieve, is lost by eager and too hot pursuit. *Death* catches back its benefits (like *Tantalus's waters*) from hasty and too violent endeavours. Thus we may make our *Angel* prove our *Fiend*. Sufferings have oft, Sin has *sometimes* instructed penfive and dejected men to seek ease in the *Grave*; but they have *lost* it, by thus *seeking* it: nay, they have *hastened* desolation, and *lengthned* it to everlastingness. When Sins reduc'd to *memory* have wrought *despair*, and arm'd Men to their *proper* *ruine*; their streams of *grief* have *drawn'd*, where they should but have *wash'd*; their blood has then *unsanctify'd* their tears, and *blotted out* in fury whatever good Lines *Remorse* had written.

Though *Death* be pleasing, when 'tis well considered; yet *patient submission* to Divine Decrees, is one great *feature*, which presents her *lovely*. Whereof our memories may soon relapse into a fresh example, and these Garments hang, like *Phylacteries*, to mind us of him.

D

Shall



Shall I say, *his Name is better than Oyntment? than Oyl?* And yet my Language shew not like *the worst of Oyls, the Oyl of Flattery.* Shall I attempt the description of *his Life?* His Cheeks now cannot *blush:* How say you then? Shall I present you now, after his Death, with Catalogues of *Epithites* and Praises, which (though the virtues of *his life* deserv'd, yet) one great virtue of *his life, his modesty,* would not (*in his life*) have endur'd to hear? It is the *custom* too; but be it so, *too common* therefore for *desert so singular.* And it perhaps might blemish that *great worth,* should I describe it; for it might be said, *He liv'd beyond others, but was bury'd like them.* Besides, in publick to display his Name, were to disprove it rather; for by pretending to give you a description of his worth, I should but seem to say, *It was so little, that you before were unacquainted with it.*

But I'll take leave to recommend to you some *Worthies*, to whose *Renown* most here perhaps are strangers.

Plutarch.

You knew not *Sempronius Densus*, whom (in a general defection from the *Roman Emperor*) nothing in Life could invite unto inconstancy; and Death it self (which most Men repute something) could nothing scare from Loyalty.

You knew not *Aristides*, till'd the *Just*, whom the *Athenians* Love furnish'd with that name; that name, the true begotten of his own *disposition*, though also the begetter of their *envy*: his *meekness* was so signal, that his *breath* was noted to *perfuse* the names of many, but to *blast* the estimation of none.

You knew not *Philopæmenes*, whose *Humility* high Fortune found impregnable. He thought *Content* a  
glo-

glorious Heaven; of which to take a prospect, he suppress'd all his own lustre; and in the bottom of *Humility* (like Men in Pits) saw that Heaven to best advantage, permitting not his sight to be divided with scatter'd beams of his own glory.

Nor yet knew *you Pelopidas*; of whose friendship no weather ever vary'd the complexion. He still persisting towards all (to whom he ere pretended Amity) an unalter'd Friend, made all the world his own Friend.

*You* knew not that *Aratus*, who then conceiv'd he study'd most Self-interest, when most he did expend his industry and thoughts to his Countries publick benefit; he liv'd the *gain* of all Men, and he died their *loss*.

Nor knew *you Marcus Brutus*, signally observed for kindness to his *Wife* and *Family*; whom scarce a *Vir-tue* left unfrequented, and scarce any Mans *Love* unattended.

Now will you have the *Sum of all*? We read that *these were brave* ——— and that they *dy'd*; That they dy'd worthy of much longer living, had life been worthy to defer their dying.

If still you are desirous to know more of them---- be pleas'd to read it *there*, and then cast up how much a *precious Name* enjoys of *fragrancy* above all *Oyntment*. And whil'st your thoughts are *there* employ'd, you'll find (what all these wanted) true *Religion* too. *What words of life made up his dying breath?* How did he *draw in common Air*, to return it *odours*? *His languishing* being full of *pious, fervent*, and of frequent *Prayers* and *Ejaculations*; with which his choice

had furnish'd well his memory out of our *Liturgy*; by his *dying practice*, approving his *living judgment*; expiring (as much as Man can guess) in great *submission* to the *Father*, *consolation* in the *Spirit*, *Faith* in the *Son*, and *Duty* to the *Sons Spouse*, the *Church*. Now when these things have met your observation, you'll think he justifi'd the close of the *Text*; and that his *latest* hour, did surmount his *earliest*.

*Living*, we all enjoy'd him; now we see what a *small spot of ground* he (being dead) possesses. But his *Name* lives, and fills up room enough; and I have room enough to live upon his *Name*, but that I've liv'd too long upon your *patience*. You *knew him*; I know, you *knew him*: You *lov'd him*; knowing him, you *must love him*: You *remember him*; you have reason to *remember him*: (O that we could all conspire to *imitate him*!) confiding in your *memory*, my *Discourse* may now (as he did) bid you all *Farewell*. It has liv'd, *like him*, to more than an ordinary *Age*; though not, *like him*, in extraordinary *value*. *Convenience* now will prompt you to conceive the *minute* of the *Sermons Death*, to be better than those of its *Life*; As the *Conversation* of the *Sermons Subject* has instructed us to conclude the *Day* of his *Death*, better than that of his *Birth*.

Now to that *God*, with whom he is; to whom the *issues of Life and Death* belong, Be all *Honour and Glory*, henceforth, and for evermore. AMEN.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER  
Upon the Right Honourable  
THE  
Lady MARY his WIFE,  
Who was Buried in his GRAVE,  
September 25. 1669.

JOB XIV. Ver. 12.

*So man lieth down, and riseth not, till  
the Heavens be no more, they shall not  
awake, nor be raised out of their  
sleep.*



*He Flesh, whose Livery these Walls  
are dress'd in, has slept almost a  
Year; and hither now retires the  
other part of that one Flesh, to share  
in his repose. Vexatious Life is oft  
compar'd, and well, to Thorns and  
Bryars; and of some Bryars no end  
appears above ground: Now such a Bryar was our  
last years Life, having both ends in the earth. When  
the*

(a) Eccles.  
7. 1.

the first Corps of these lay down in peace, and these black Curtains first were drawn about his Bed of dust, that Text of Ecclesiastes (a), *A good Name is better than Oynment, &c.* became the Subject of our Meditations. In the first words of that Verse, the Wise man applauds (what indeed all Men wish) a good Name; and in the last he gives no small *Encomium* to that which all Men fear, viz. *Death*. Death is said to be wedded to our humane Natures: And though to timorous dispositions (who view her at a distance) she seem a Bride but of a ghastly hew; yet Solomon, who had more thoroughly perus'd her features, seems to dress her in the character he gave the spiritual Spouse in the Canticles, *Thou art black, but comely, &c.*

(b) The Verse  
preceding the  
Text.

And since that Text applauded so her Countenance, what throngs has her distended Arms embraced? as if Mens deaths were the result of fondness, rather than force; and she had vanquish'd them more by *Attraction*, than *Constraint*; and as if they had not expir'd so much her *Captives*, as her *Lovers*. Nor is their stay, unlike the stay of kindness; 'tis long, 'tis very long. Man fails from off the face of earth, as the (b) *Waters fail from the Sea, and as the Tydes in Rivers decay and are dry'd up*. And as those Waters do again return into the Sea, and Tydes into the Rivers; so shall Man find the effects of *Renovation*, but not, alas! with equal expedition, to what the Sea and Floods enjoy. The *Heathen Poets* much delight themselves with *Fables* of their *Jove*, fancying (amongst the rest) that visiting *Alcmena*, he stretch'd out the night unto the length of three; but his three nights, to this of *Death*, were but a twinkling. Man being once laid down to sleep in the *Pavilion of Death*, Un-  
til

*til the Heavens be no more, he shall not awake, nor be raised out of his sleep.*

How obvious in the words are these Collections.

- I. That *Death's a sleep.*
- II. That 'tis a long sleep; *Till the Heavens be no more.*
- III. That *the Heavens shall, once, be no more; for Death is but a sleep, and sleep imports awaking.*
- IV. That *when the time is come, wherein the Heavens shall be no more, then Man shall be again; he shall be raised out of his sleep.*

I. Then, *Death is a sleep.*

For *Death*, *Job* apprehends by *lying down.* But *Death is fourfold.*

1. There's a *Death to Sin*, and that's the *Death of Grace.* When Men being dead to *Sin*, live no longer therein (c). But mortifie the deeds of the flesh (d). Hence the Philosopher tells us, it is one way of dying, by our contempt of pleasure, restraint of passion (e).  

(c) Rom. 6. 2.  
 (d) Rom. 8. 13.  
 (e) *Mortemiam dicatur, cum anima, adhuc in corpore constituta, corporeas illecebras (Philosophia docente) contemnit; & cupiditatum dulces insidias, reliquasque omnes exuit passiones.* Macrobi. lib. 1. in Somn. Scip. cap. 13.  
 (f) Rom. 8. 6.
2. There's a *Death to Grace*; and that's the *death of sin*, or rather *in sin*. Hence some are said to be dead in trespasses and sins; some to have a name that they live, and yet they are dead; for to be carnally minded, is *Death (f)*.

3. There's



(g) Gen. 2.  
17.  
(h) Pſal. 89.  
48.

(i) De Civit.  
Dei. lib. 10.  
cap. 6.

3. There's a *Death to the Actions of the Body*. 'Tis the *dissolution* of the *Compositum*, and that's the *Death of Nature*. So first, God said to Adam, *In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely dye* (g), (i.e.) be liable to *Death*. And secondly, because he eat himself into Mortality, 'tis said of all his Successors, (h) *What Man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death?* The second sort of *Death*, and *this*, are join'd together, Mat. 8. 22. *Let the dead bury their dead*; i.e. says *St Austin* (i), *Let the dead in sin, bury the dead in nature*.

4. There's a *Death to Unhappiness*, and that's the *Death in Hell, a Death of Soul and Body*, being their separation from felicity; and *this* is call'd the *second Death*, Rev. 20. 14.

*The first Death, is the separation of the Soul from sin*: But this is far from sleep, 'tis a continual watching.

*The second, is the separation of the Soul from Grace*. This is a sleep we must avoid; from this we must not only wake, before the Heavens cease to be the Heavens that they are; but also, before we return to the earth that we were, or else we must be dead in this sin for ever; for the *Damn'd* protract their sinning, with their suffering.

*The fourth, is the separation of both Soul and Body from glory, rest, and hope*; so far is this from being rest or sleep: therefore



The third, the Death of Nature, or rather Death according to Nature, viz. the separation of the Body and Soul, must be this sleep. But yet, because the Body (not the Soul) in that disjunction, desists to live and act; the sleep we speak of, appertains to that: nor (in propriety of speech) can that, or lying down, be attributed to any other thing.

This is that sleep, which he *must* be asleep, who does not frequently perceive express'd in Sacred Writ:

She is not dead, but sleepeth (k).

(k) Matth.

We shall not prevent them which are asleep (l).

9. 24.

Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth,

(l) 1 Thes.

shall awake, some to everlasting life (m),

4. 15.

(m) Dan. 12.

&c.

2.

Our friend Lazarus sleepeth (n).

(n) Joh. 11.

11.

When Stephen had said this, he fell asleep (o).

(o) Acts 7.6.

Thus generally departed Kings (in Scripture) are said to have slept with their fathers.

And thus the Poet, Sleeps are the little Mysteries of Death (p).

(p) ὁ ὕπνος

Now it resembles, or rather is a sleep; in that it corresponds with the definition and properties of sleep.

τὰ μικρὰ τῶ

θανάτου μυστή-

ρια. Menand.

1. Sleep binds the Senses up (q); so the Philosopher, It is the Ligament of Sense, and such is Death. Where's then the eye which dotes on specious objects, and is it self esteem'd one; which never is well satisf'd with seeing, nor ever satisfies with being seen? Upon the sleeping and the dead, the Sun (or whatsoever

(q) Arist.

de Vigil. &

Som.

glories of the Skies ) layes out *his light* in vain ; *Midnight* and *Noon* are equal *shades* to them. Where's then the *Ear*, through which *Trumpets* convey life to the *hands*, and *Tabrets* to the *feet* ; whil'st holy *David* at the *sound* of the one *fights* for the *Ark*, and at the *noise* of the other *dances* before it ? To *Sleep* and *Death*, these are no more than *Silence*. *Midnight* and the *Grave* are two *Exceptions* against *Noise*. *Awake* you may ye. *Lute* and *Harp* ; but to what purpose, when 'tis not, *I my self awake right early* ? Where's then the *Scent* ? And where's the difference betwixt the *Dormant*, and the *Dead* ? The one perceives no sweetness in a *Bed* of *Roses*, nor yet the other in his *Apartment* strow'd with *Flowers*. *Corruption* shall make this *last* ( as the *Sister* concluded of *Lazarus* ) yield an *ill savour* ; but neither *last*, nor *first*, discern a good one, nor yet disdain a *bad* one. Where's then the sense of *Tasting* ? Then *sweet* and *sour* fall into *indistinction* : Then nought is *palatable* nor *disgustful* : No *rarity* contended for in meats, nor *property* in lawces ; no *relish* vaunted of in fruits, nor *gusto* in the wines : No, no, there is no other *Epicure* in sleep, than *Fleas* ; nor in the *Grave*, than *Worms*. Where's then the sense of *Feeling* ? To those that soundly *sleep*, and to the *dead*, *Good English Broad-cloth* may contend with *Sattin* : And ( were not Men alive as *reasonless*, as Men asleep and dead are *senseless* ) an *Act* for *Funerals* in *home-made Woollen*, might be embrac'd with less reluctance. What feels the *living sleeper* ? what the *dead* ? The one perceiving not the *Thief* which robs his *Purse*, nor the other the *Sexton* which strips his *Carkass*.

Then:

# A Funeral Sermon.

31

Then what is *Sleep*, but *Death* (r) *abbreviated*? (r) *Quid est somnum, gelida nisi mortis imago?*  
Or *Death*, but *Sleep* *protracted*?

2. As to *Anxiety* and *Care*, their *Natures* much accord. In *Sleep* they *dye*, in *Death* they *fall asleep*. Farewell, in both, to *doubts* and *jealousies*, to *fear* and *grief*. When weary'd with *distraction*, how welcome does *Man* entertain *repose*, in *Bed* or in the *Grave*? *Man* goeth forth unto his *labour* until the *Evening*, and then, the *sleep* of a *labouring Man* is sweet (s); so much for *Sleep*. In the world ye shall have *tribulation* (t), yet proceed to *work out your salvation* (u): That when the *night* of *Death* approaches, and *none can work*, you may be *happy* with those that *dye in the Lord*, for they *rest from their labours* (w). So much for *Death*; in both conditions, *Trouble* finds a *Grave*.  
(s) Eccles. 5.  
(t) John 16.  
(u) Phil. 2.12.  
(w) Rev. 14.13.

What though the world be *lost* in horrid fears, like to *benighted Men*? And in that *night*, what although *Groans* (like *Screams* of *Owls*) grow *loud*; and *Joyes* (like *dying Swans*) have sung *their last*? Yet what's all *this*, to those that are at *rest*? 'Tis to the *waking*, to the *living* 'tis, that the *Winds* roar, and that the *Billows* foam; that the *Masts* crack, and that the *Cordage* bursts; that *Clouds* hide *Heaven*, and the *Waves* the *Clouds*: But it disturbs not *Jonas*, for he *sleeps*: Nor yet his *Ancestors*, for they are *dead*. This is that *water of Lethe*, which the *Heathens* conceiv'd powerful to convey *oblivion* to the *memory*. Thou *Vanquisher* of *Ills*; Thou *Calmness* to the *Mind*! &c. (x) Tuque O Domitor somne malorum, requies animi, &c. Sen. Herc. Fur.  
sayes *Seneca* to *Sleep* (x). And such a *Sleep* is *Death*. For, O *Death*! acceptable is thy *sentence* to the *Needy*; to him whose *strength* faileth, and is vex'd with all things;

to him that despaireth, and hath lost his patience, sayes the son of Syrach, Chap. 41. ver. 2.

3. *As to the desisting of motion and action, how well may they be Twins?* In each of them there's a defect of these. The Body being ty'd in bonds of sleep, it lies as buried; in the interim, the Soul (whose power is independant on the Body) perpetuates her action: so when the term of *mortal life* is come, down lies the Body all torpid and *unactive*; but the Soul, the *invisible* part, does still retain *possession* of life in the behalf of the whole Man. And in both cases too, the Body shall again *assume* its former vigor, to shew it was not *lost*, but *intermitted*; but of that more, in a more proper place.

4. *Sleeping and dying are of one necessity, and equally to nature indispensable.* Many men wake with coveting to sleep; and their too eager hopes of some repose, keeps them in long frustration. Just so, some live, spite of themselves, subsisting in opposition to their fierce desires of *Expiration*; such was perplex'd *Job*, *Jeremy*, and *Elias*. And others *sleep*, whil'st they contend to *wake*, such were the *Apostles* (y): Just so, some Men *embrace* their Deaths, whil'st they conceive they *oppose* it; and *meet* it, where they think they *travel* from it. Yet all (some time or other) must *partake* of either; unless *Death* prevent sleep at the first, and *Doomsday* prevent Death at the last. In vain's the study to *evade* them; 'tis of a nature like the industry expended to procure the *Philosophers stone*; they labour to convert what ere they have into *Gold*,  
and

(y) Mark 14.  
37.

and convert that little Gold they have into *Nothing*. So we, solicitous to improve that *little health* we have into a treasure of inexhaustible life, reduce that *little life* we have into death. Like him, who should contrive to watch long, and drops asleep with the contrivance. Not that I would men should neglect their lives, or be indifferent in their conservation; but that they should be careful of them, with an assurance once to forego them, and still be ready with alacrity to resign them: For *who is he that lives, and shall not see death?*

5. Sleep equals all men; of what age soever, what strength, or what degree; and so does Death. None in their dark Dominions, can discern a Throne from a Pedestal. The Corps of sleeping Bartimæus, has equal bliss with sleeping Herod; and much more than Herod, when awake: So is dead Diogenes, as happy as dead Alexander; and much more than Alexander, when alive. Various wayes, and different postures there may be of both in lying down; but being laid, their State is undistinguish'd (z), and promiscuous.

in Corpora. Horat. Nulla distinctio inter Cadavera mortuorum, nisi forte gravius fiant Divitum Corpora, luxuria distenta. Amb. Hexamer.

Some die distracted, harass'd with wandring and benighted thoughts; and these sleep like Ezekiel's Jews, in the Woods (a).

(z) Mistæ  
Senum ac Ju-  
venum deslen-

Some men expire in the pursuit of Fame, oppress'd with Titles, and voluminous Inscriptions; and these sleep like Isaiah's Idolaters, in Monuments (b).

(a) Ezek. 34.

(b) Isa 65. 4.

Some

Some have *short winter-lives*; a little *day-light* in them, but much *tempest*; these men expiring in the midst of *cares*, seem to have troubled themselves to

(c) Jon. i. 5. death; and these, like *Jonah*, sleep in a storm (c).

Some are *prescrib'd* to death, pursuing the directions of *Physicians*, (*Deaths great Acquaintances*) and ty'd to their *Receipts*; these sleep, like *St Peter*, among

(d) Acts 12. *Soldiers*, and in *Chains* (d).

6. Some are misguided by a *flying fire* (by *seeming honour*) into the *Graves great precipice*, and dye of a disease call'd *Valor*; these sleep, like *Sampson*, in *Ga-*

(e) Judg. 16. *za* (e), which (being interpreted) is *strength*.

3. *Fulness of bread* sometimes may send another to the *Grave*; and he sleeps, like *Boaz*, at a *heap of*

(f) Ruth 3 *Corn* (f). Whil't *Indigence* perhaps destroys his

7. Neighbours; and they, like *Ruth*, sleep at his

(g) Ver. 14. *feet* (g).

Others dye of *Promotion*, and (like *smoke*) are taught to *vanish* by their *exaltation*; and these sleep, like *Saul*, on the *top of the House* (h).

(h) 1 Sam. 9. 26.

Others dye weary'd out with *Expectation*; and they sleep, like *Uriah*, at the *Gate of the Kings house* (i).

(i) 2 Sam. 1. 9.

Now, though the method of *Expiring* varies, the state of the *Expir'd* is all equality. The low and weak can be but empty then: And even the *Proud*, when they have slept their sleep, and those (whose hands were mighty) have found nothing.

Now therefore, since that which we in rigorous Expression term *Death*, in mild construction is but *Sleep*;

(1.) Thrice happy they, whom it defers not long! *Quick sleeps* discover regular *Constitutions*. 'Tis much advan-



advantage to be early happy; and to prevent the restlessness and tumblings of weary Age, with undelay'd repose; *For thus God giveth his beloved sleep*, sayes the Prophet (k). And those, whom the Gods affect, dye young, sayes the Poet (l).

(2.) That really in *Death* we may have rest, as in sound sleep; we must contend, whilst yet we are awake, to perfect all our task in God our Masters most important service, and work out our salvation whilst we may. Sleep, we know, seals up at once our industry and eyes, no working then; we in the morning therefore should contrive to make night no surprize: That when it once grows heavy on our eye-lids, we may not leave our duties unattempted, or our attempts unaccomplished: like interrupted and abortive structures, which shew what Architects presum'd, not what they did.

And so much more should we be sedulous to have our task determin'd, ere we sleep, by how much less we shall be capable to fill up its perfection, when we wake. For here indeed *Death* varies from the method of ordinary sleep; in that, what ere to day (i. e. in our lives) lies uneffected, must be perpetuated so. As the Tree falls, so it must lie (m). There is no borrowing of to morrows Sun, to pay the arrears of this. No, no, we shall not open once our eyes to wake, till the Heavens close all their eyes, and fall asleep; nor shall our morning ere begin to be, till the place, where morning dwells, shall be no more. When once our drowsie temples, are bound up with Deaths swarthy Night-cloaths, Farewell to Spring, which is our growth in grace; Farewell to Summer, and fruits meet for repentance;

(k) Psal. 127.

(l) 'Ον 38

Ὁσὶ εὐλῶσιν

ἀπαθνήσκουσιν

Menand.

(m) Eccles.

11. 3.

*pentance; Farewell to Sunshine, being the light of grace; And Farewell showres, the droppings of the Sanctuary: For man lieth down, and riseth not, till the Heavens be no more, &c.*

## II. 'Tis then a long Sleep.

*Till the Heavens be no more.* A time of tedious distance for ought we know. But yet, how near soever (if we reflect on those who went before us) how much soever Death resembled Sleep in *quality*, 'tis much beyond it in the *quantity*.

The *grand distinction* of these sleeps, consists in their *duration*. A *Sand* participates the essential properties of *Earth*. But ah! when their *dimensions* come in *competition*, that *nature* of the *Earth*, which the *Sand* possesses, is but enough to *privilege* it from *being nothing*: So *Sleep*, though *constituted* of the *calm* and *gentle* qualities of *Death*, when we peruse them in their *just extent*, appears (in the comparison) to have but so much ease, as does but *just exempt* it from *being labour*. Here we soon *sleep*, and strait as quickly *wake*. Our lives are but *successive*, and short fits of *darkness* and of *light*. And if the *night* protract itself beyond our *slumbers*, how *restless* grow we, *tortur'd* with *repose*, and making our *ease* our *anguish*? But *Bodies*, once *asleep* beneath the *Coverlets* of *Turfs*, find not themselves so *hasty* to be stirring.

We shall remove no *Curtains* with our *hands*; nor, with our *eyes*, seek *day-light* in a *Window*; nor, with our *vain enquiries*, look for *glimmerings* in the *East*. No, no, we shall not *hunt* for *day*, till we shall miss the

the *Heavens*, from which it us'd to *start*. We now lay not our selves to sleep, until our selves ( or servants, those *Deputy selves* ) have put out the *Candle*; but being laid down in *Death*, we shall not wake, till he that never sleeps, puts out the *Sun*: For the *Sun* shall be turn'd into darkness ( *n* ), and be no more our light ( *o* ). The *Sun* and *Darkness* shall at once forsake us; nor shall the one ( I mean *Death* ) withdraw its drowsie shades, till the other wraps his *Sun-beams* up in *Sables*; and ( instead of bidding *Good-Morrow*, like a *Bridegroom* \* ) shall bid *Good-Night* like a Mourner.

( *n* ) Joel 2.  
31.  
( *o* ) Isa. 60.  
19.

\* Psal. 19. 5.

But, as soundly as we shall sleep in *Body*, so surely was *Lactantius* in a *Dream*, who ( with the other *Chiliasm*s ) would humble *Christ's* celestial *Sovereignty*, into an earthly *Throne*, to be erected at *Jerusalem*, and be establish'd for 1000 years; for which space also he presum'd, the *Martyrs* should be empowred with *sub-lunary dominion*, and enjoy pleasures, equally terrestrial with their *jurisdiction*. Now the foundation of this phantastick building, they lay upon a ground, which will not bear it; they instance in *Rev. 20.* and from these expressions ( *The Devil is bound for a thousand years, ver. 2.* And the *Souls of the Witnesses* ( or *Martyrs* ) liv'd and reign'd with *Christ* for a thousand years, ver. 4. ) They conclude, That *Satan* shall literally and temporally be bound, and the *Martyrs* temporally rule.

And lest we should conceive, they understood this their *Supremacy* to be only in *Spirit*, they not only insist upon ver. 4. where tis said, *The Souls of the Witnesses liv'd and reign'd*: But introduce the fifth

F

verse,

† i.e. Those  
that are dead  
in Body and in  
Grave shall  
have no R. sur-  
rection at all,

verse, where 'tis said, *The rest of the dead lived not again, till the thousand years were finish'd †*: From hence concluding, That the *Martyrs Souls* should all this while be reunited to their Bodies, which only can be suppos'd to live again\*.

till all things are accomplished, and then they shall arise to a second Death; But those that had part in the first R. surrection, (i.e.) from Sin, the second Death (which is of Soul and B. dy) shall have n power n.

\* For the Soul lives not again, but continues to live.

And lest *Error* should be too narrow to expatiate in, their *Fancies* rove yet further, and recur to 2 Pet. 3. 8. where one day, is said, to be with God as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. Inferring hence, That the *Worlds Glass* shall be 7000 years in running out, in proportion to the seven dayes which make up every Week; and since the seventh day had a Prescription of *Repose* and *Piety*, the six preceding being lights to guide men into toyle and sweat; they fancy the last thousand years must supply the room of a continued Sabbath to the Saints, after the first 6000 years being spent in industry and expectation. But this opinion does directly thwart that Text (p), *But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the Angels, &c.* And the other opinion contradicts that other Text (q), *My Kingdom is not of this world.* But both oppose our present Text, which sayes, *Man* (i.e. all Mankind, except those which rose with Christ to attend him their first-fruits, and to whom they limit not their fancy'd Empire) awakes not till the Heavens be no more.

Yet even St. *Austin* (n) once indulg'd this misconception, although with an opinion more refin'd, and which

(p) Matth.  
24. 36.

(q) John 18.  
36.

(r) Nam etiam nos hac opinati fuimus aliquando.  
Aug. de Civ. Dei. lib. 20. ch. 7.

which allotted not such carnal pleasures to this *dominion* of the *Saints*; as other *Patrons* of this Error did. But on review, and better thoughts, he tells us, That by a thousand years (being a perfect number) is meant the latter Age, begun by the *Messias* in the fulness of time; in which the *Devil* is bound, i. e. he does not, with his old more boundless power, detain the world in Error, and enjoy his former usurpation of Souls (\*). But for the *Saints*, although their *Bodies* should remain the slaves of Sepulchres, (those only excepted which arose with *Christ*) yet should their *Spirits* reign with *Christ* in Heaven (\*).

(\*) Aut certe mille annos pro omnibus annis hujus seculi posuit, ut perf. sto numero notare-

tur ipsa temporis plenitudo. Aug. ibid. (\*) Quamvis ergo cum suis corporibus nondum; jam tamen corum animæ regnant cum illo. Idem ibidem.

And this exactly squares with that, *My Kingdom is not of this world*; not but that *Bodies* too shall partake his triumphs; but that will be, not till the *Heavens* be no more.

### III. Why then, the *Heavens* shall be no more.

For should they still continue as they are, and should man ne're revive, whil'ft they continue so; how could his *Death* be term'd a *Sleep*, to which no *waking* ever should succeed?

The *Heavens* now are like an open *Book*, full of strange *Characters*, which men consult (how wisely, let their effects determine) to be inform'd, when great mens *Lives* shall be no more; when *Kingdoms*, and when *States* shall be no more; when publick *Blessings*, and when publick *Curses* shall be no more. But there will be a *season* (and ere long twill be) when they



themselves shall be no more; They shall perish, sayes the Psalmist: But of the critical moment, not a word in all the Book of Spheres. What Tales soe're they tell of other Beings, they will still keep their own counsel; and whensoe're they break (like to great Traders here on earth) their breach shall be the worlds surprize: Of that day knoweth none. Their Prophecy in that, is silent as their Harmony; yet such a day there will be: But the question is,

First, *What Heavens shall be no more?*

Secondly, *How shall they be no more?*

First, *What Heavens shall be no more?* Besides the *Empyrean*, or *Supreme*, Philosophers compute the number of the Orbs (counting the *Fire* and *Air*) to be eleven. But the great Bishop of Hippo (reflecting on the rapture of St. Paul into the *third Heaven*, where he had the glimpse of great, unutterable glories) concludes the *Empyrean* (the Heaven of Gods more immediate splendor, and the receptacle of the blest'd, to see him, as'twere, *face to face*) to be the *third Heaven*; computing none besides, excepting the *Sydereum & Aereum*, the *Starry* and the *Aery*.

But be they more, or be they less, the Heaven of heavens is generally exempted from dissolution: which some conclude from *Thy Throne is established for ever*. So that, of all the rest, although we cannot certainly determine what is their number, yet we may conclude a little of their nature; though we are insecure how many they be, yet we may well be resolute what they shall be, or rather what they shall not be, *They shall be no more*: But

Secondly,



Secondly, *How no more? They shall perish* (t). Now (t) Hebr. 1. what should be this *perishing*, but their *change*? For (u) Job 14. as mans *death* is call'd a *change* (u), I will wait till my *change* come: So the *Heavens change* is call'd a *death*, or *perishing*; for, that the word (*perish*) imports no more in the forecited place to the *Hebrews*, is evident from the ensuing *Vers*e, *As a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed*.

Nay, this very place, *the Heavens shall be no more*, is (in the vulgar Latin) *atteratur Cælum*, till the *Heavens* be worn away, not annihilated. Worn like an old Garment, Psal. 102. Man is the little world, and as his *Cloaths* cover him, so the *Heavens* cover the great world, *Tegit omnia Cælum*. Hence, when we Travel, *Lucretius* tells us, *We change the cloathing of Heaven* (w). Conformable to this is even the *Sep-tuagint*, in this of *Job*, which renders it, *Till the Heavens be* (\*) *unfow'd*. How has God cloath'd the *Macrocosme*, as we the *Microcosme*, with the best *Cloaths* on the outside? We all, at great *Solemnities*, contrive to habit our selves after the newest fashion: Lo, then shall *Christ* appear in *Solemn Triumph*; Lo, then shall be the *Marriage of the Lamb*; and then the world shall change its fashion too: *The fashion of this world passes away* (x). When *Sunday* comes, 'tis generally entertain'd with *Citizens* best *Cloaths*; Lo, then the *Sabbath* of the *Saints* shall come; then the *Lords day*; the day of the *Sun of Righteousness*; and then the *Universe* shall be aray'd in cleaner and more splendid *Vestments*.

Now *Job's*, shall be no more; is *S. Peter's*, shall pass away, whilst the *Elements* melt for fervent heat (y). (y) 2 Pet. 3. Now, 10.

Ovid.

(w) *Cali-*  
*mutamus ami-*  
*Hum.*  
(\*) *ἡ μὴ*  
*συνῆλθον*. No  
more be sow'd  
together.

(x) 1 Cor.  
7. 31.

(y) 2 Pet. 3.

(2) 2 Pet.  
3. 13.

Now, whatsoever melts, melts not to nothing, but into substance of a purer nature; so likewise, *to pass away*, is not *to cease to be*, but to be vary'd in its place or properties: *Heaven and Earth shall pass away*, sayes our Saviour; and *there shall be new Heavens, and a new Earth*, sayes S. Peter (2). Both these are united, Rev. 21, 5. *Behold, I make all things new*. Now, *to make all things new*, is not *to make all things nothing*; no more than *mending* is *destroying*. *To be no more*, than, *is to pass into new*; and 'tis not needless to observe that *היה* *to change*, is render'd Psal. 90. 9. *by passing away, or passing over*: from whence the world is stil'd *היה* *a change, or passing over*.

But you may ask, *What change is this?*

'Tis not a change of substance, but of accidents; Heavens shall not absolutely cease to be, but to be as they are; so also the Elements. *All compound Beings* (except mans Body, which must subsist with the Soul) shall *lay aside* their Essence. *Birds, and Beasts, and Fish*, so likewise *Trees and Plants*, which owe their *Beings* to their *Compositions*, shall bid farewell to Nature; when every Element shall challenge from them, what each contributed to their composition. *Earth* shall retreat to *Earth*, *Water* to *Water*; and whatsoever *Fire* or *Air* bestow'd, for ever shall recede into its native properties.

(a) Greg.  
Bed. Gloss.

(b) Aquin.  
in 2 Pet. 3.

But for more simple and unblended Natures, their change shall be but a refining. Some (a), have conceiv'd indeed, *That Fire and Water should both be totally consum'd, whilst Earth and Air should be no more than mended*. But this the rest reject. *Aquinas* (b) thinking, *that Fire and Water should but lose their heat*  
and

and cold. But that were neither to be Fire nor Water. But that *Lorinus* candidly expounds him, That by their losing heat and cold, he means, that heat and cold should be restrain'd from acting.

As is the change with the Elements, so with the Heavens; the variation's not of things, but qualities. *Aristotle* pronounced Heaven incorruptible; and so it is indeed as to its fitness for duration, (which the Schools call its *internals*) but not as to its power, abstracted from divine disposal\*; for whatsoe're at first results from nothing, by the same vertue, may relapse into nothing; or, as the cause of its first being pleases, be vary'd from its present being. Therefore THOU shalt change them (c). By which change, sayes *Lorinus* (d), is meant some kind of renewing, by a vacation from Motion and Action, and influence on Sublunaries, and on Man leading a mortal life. And thus being alter'd, they will better suit with the condition of renew'd Mankind. In which, *St Austin* tells us, That at the general Conflagration, those qualities of the corruptible Elements (which agreed well enough with our corruptible Bodies) shall utterly perishe by Combustion; And the same substance shall (by miraculous change) acquire qualities convenient for immortal Bodies; so the end, that the world, being renewed for the better, may the better suit with men renew'd for the better in their flesh (e).

\* Ab invirso-  
co Caelos esse  
incorruptibili-  
lis, communis  
Scholastico-  
rum est opinio.  
i e. secundum  
substantiam &  
aetudinem,  
non dispositio-  
nem divinam  
& actum. Lor.  
in Psal. 102.  
19.  
(c) Psal. 102.  
26.  
(d) De sola  
nonnulla reno-  
vatione, per  
vacationem a  
motu & actu  
& ministerio  
in res sublu-  
nares, homi-

nemque vitam ducentem mortalem. Ibid. (e) Conflagratione mundana Elementorum corruptibilium qualitates, quae corporibus nostris corruptibilibus congruebant, ardendo penitus interibunt; Atque ipsi substantia eas qualitates habebit, quae corporibus immortalibus mirabili mutatione convenient. Ut scilicet mundus in melius innovetur, apto accommodetur hominibus etiam in carne melius innovatis. Aug. de Civ. Dei. lib. 10. cap. 16. VI

From

From these things then we may raise these Conclusions.

1. *That the Heavens shall no more measure time; For,*
2. *Time shall be no more, Rev. 10. 6. And hence indeed, in proper speech, the Heavens shall be no more. Shall, is the Future Tense; but in Eternity there's no Futurity. Now when there is no time, but all Eternity, who can, without great impropriety, say the Heavens shall be; when, Shall, imports a time to come?*
3. *If no time, then no motion; for time is the measure of motion (f): and therefore*
4. *No more action; for without motion, there is no action in Naturals.*
5. *Therefore no more influence on Sublunaries; for without action, no influence: therefore*
6. *No more generation nor corruption; for these are not without influence. Thus then, the Heavens shall be no more: And now*

(f) *Tempus est mensura motus; omnis motus est in tempore.*

IV. *Man shall awake, and be raised  
out of his sleep.*

Methinks I see his *Body* now begin to be again.  
Methinks I see the *Sea* (like *Jonah's Whale*) surren-  
dring what it had long time conceal'd. Methinks I  
see *Men bolting* from the *Earth*, like *Rabbets* from their  
*Warrens*. Some from the *Waves*, some from the *Graves*  
I see, just waken'd by the *Trump*; and shaking off, ma-  
ny their dew, and many more their dust: For they must  
awake, they must be raised out of their sleep.

But it may be of use to mind the expreffion; 'tis  
they shall be rais'd, not by their vertue, but some others  
power. But what is his Name, if thou canst tell? 'Tis  
my Redeemer; I know that my Redeemer lives, and he  
shall raise me up at the last day (g).

(g) Job 19.  
25.

*My Redeemer* ] There's God's power.  
*Shall raise me up* ] There's Job's assurance.  
*At the last day.* ] There's the time prescrib'd.

*My Redeemer lives* ] 1. To confute the *Jews*, who  
disown his Resurrection. 2. To prove that  
he also shall raise us up. *Christ the first-fruits*;  
*afterwards, they that are Christs*, 1 Cor. 15.  
For,

*He shall raise me up* ] To refute those who repute  
our expectation of reduction from the *Grave*, as  
a *Dream*.

*At the last day* ] To confute *Hymeneus Philetus*,  
and *Hermogenes*, who concluded the Resurrection

G

already

already *accomplish'd*, because 'tis recorded that the *Bodies of the Saints arose*, Matth. 27. So holy *Job* (even in the Text) supposes and implies, what there he expresses, *viz. That when the Heavens shall be no more, Man shall be raised.*

1. Then he shall awake, arise:
2. How shall he be raised? But

1. *Mans Body shall arise.*

These very *Numerical Bodies*; these that we *fin'd* in, or *repented* in. Methinks I hear the *Trumpet* sound a *Call*; wherefore Awake, Awake! *Who're*, *Where're*, *How're* you are. *Who're* have been devour'd by Wolves, those Wolves being strait devour'd by Lyons, those Lyons dying and strait devour'd by Kites! *Who're* to Fishes have been made a Prey, which even themselves have soon become a Prey to other Fishes! *Who're* you are, that in your Bodies have perform'd the Stages (which fond *Pythagoras* prescrib'd to Souls) in journeys through each various kind of *Beasts*! *Who're* you are, have been reduc'd to dust, and dissipated through the spacious world, till every dust has been remov'd a Mile from dust of kin to it! Awake, Awake; indeed you *must* awake. 'Tis a resistless power that raises you. 'Tis God shall raise the dead, Acts 26. 8.

*Query.*

But some may ask, *What if a Man devour those of his own species? What if Claudius devour Sempronius, and (after time for due digesting him) Claudius himself*



*self become anothers Meal? How shall Sempronius (and others in the like capacity) be raised up in his own Numerical Body, unless whatsoever was eaten by Claudius, (and may be conceiv'd to have become a part of his Body) be restored? Which if it be, How then shall Claudius rise with his Numerical Body?*

This is the *Query* which Objectors think, is of itself enough to make a *Sadduce*. But 'tis indeed a trivial doubt, and of no force to any but the willing. For 'tis not *he shall arise*, (as I observ'd before) but *he shall be raised*; which includes an unrestrained power to be the Agent: and 'tis the same *Almighty Power* which does support the living. That God shall raise Man, who now feeds Man. He needs no aid of *meat* to keep a Creature living. How obvious may we then conceive it (though *Claudius* do devour *Sempronius*) for God to strengthen *Claudius*, and support him, without permitting any of *Sempronius* to be concocted into his constitution; especially since he compos'd *not Man*, to be *Mans food*?

*Solut.*

But now what think you, if even to *Reason* (for at that Weapon they must be encounter'd, who contradict this *Doctrine*) I say, what if to *Reason* 'tis a thing impossible, but of the *self-same Body* there must be infallibly a *Resurrection*? Not to trace all the *Causes* back up to the first, to prove a God accomplish'd in whate're *good reason* ere thought *good*. I shall suppose the *Existence of a Deity* already granted, I know none deny it.

There being then a *God*, he must *be just*; but *just* he cannot be, without a *Resurrection*: For (to mans eye) the worst oft live and dye with least misfortune. Now, if no *vengeance* seize them after death, where's then the *Justice*, and where's then the *God*? Will any say, that (after dissolution) the *Soul* may *suffer*, and still *God* be *just*, although the *Body sleeps*? But if the *Body* shar'd in *sinning*, and be exempted from the *suffering*, a Malefactor escapes: then where's the *Justice*? and next where's the *God*? Or will you say (as some are very forward) that *Death* it self is the *Bodies* punishment?

But I say (1.) the *Soul* and *Body* *sin'd* together for each others greater satisfaction; in *justice* therefore we may think, that they should *suffer* together for each others greater affliction. But they by *death* (so far does it resist their suffering together) are far remov'd asunder; if *death* then be the *Bodies* sole infliction, still where's the *Justice*?

(2.) Can the *Body* be punish'd with what it never feels? But oft great Sinners sink into the Grave, under a stupefaction of the senses, and dye *extempore*. And if the *flesh* do only suffer *death*, which brings no *corporal* pain for mighty *corporal* transgressions, still where's the *Justice*?

(3.) The *Body* sinning against an *infinite* Person, committed *infinite* sin; for (as we see in Treason) the *Object* gives proportion to the *Crime*. *Infinite* sin must have no *finite* suffering: But *Death* is a *finite* suffering; for that's accomplish'd when the *Soul* is gone. If therefore *Death* be all the *vengeance* to the *Body*, where's still the *Justice*? Will any say the *Bodies* being

ing dead, and separated from the Soul for ever, is its eternal punishment? But can there be punishment, and nothing suffer? As soon as dead, the humane Body is not; it was the humane Body when it sin'd, by death it leaves to be the humane Body: And how can that, which is not, suffer? Or will you say (with Pomponatius) that sin is its own punishment? O strange Philosophy! And more strange Justice! In all Philosophy, the offence is still cause to the punishment; if sin then be the punishment to itself, 'tis its own cause, and 'tis its own effect: But others in Philosophy will tell us, That *Nihil est causa sui ipsius* (b); And in all Justice punishments design'd to mend the Sufferer, or to discourage others from the like offence. But what sin ere (which had no other punishment) deter'd another from attempting it? And as for the Offender, I presume none will conclude that sin can much amend him. Many would wish their strength might ne're decline, that they might ne're be impotent for sin. If sin be then its proper punishment? 'Tis a most strange one, which the Offender ever would request to undergo, and prize beyond rewards (i). If sin were the sole judgment on the Malefactor, ~~Quid~~ a means had the Almighty found, to bring his Justice in contempt! And then where were his Wisdom too? And then where the God?

(b) *Quisquam mor-  
taliū idem  
vocat facinus  
& pœnam?*  
Quintil.

(i) *Nulla  
pœna est nisi  
invito (&  
alibi) Suppli-  
cium quisquam  
vocat, ad quod  
proficitur, quod  
exposcitur.*  
Quintil.

Therefore whoe're thou art, that art possess'd with Dreams like these, Awake thou that sleepest, lest ere thou dream'st of it, it may be said, Awake, and come to judgment: But

2. *How shall Men arise? And with what Bodies shall they come?*

I answer with *St Paul*, *1 Cor. 15.* they shall rise  
 (1) *Incorruptibly*; it is rais'd in *incorruption*, ver. 42.  
 (2) *Gloriously*; it is rais'd in *glory*, ver. 43. (3) *In agility*; it is rais'd in *power*, ver. 43. *tanta facilitas, quanta felicitas*, sayes *St Austin*. (4) *Very near to the nature of Angels*; much more refin'd than formerly; not only from *carnal lusts*, but also from the *grossness* of our substances. The *natural Elements* shall be refin'd, so shall our *Bodies*; it shall be rais'd a *spiritual Body*, ver. 44. Not but that we shall have *flesh and bones*, and *integral parts*, answerable to the pattern of our *Saviour* after his *Resurrection*, *Luke 24.39.* *Handle me, and see, for a spirit has not flesh and bones, as ye see me have.* But yet improv'd they shall be much.

(k) in Eph. 4.  
 ver. 13.

Corpus Christi  
 fuit perductum  
 ad plenam aetatem  
 vilem  
 (scilicet 33  
 annorum) in  
 quo a mortuis  
 est; huiusmodi  
 autem aetatis  
 plenitudinem  
 conformabitur  
 aetatis sanctorum  
 resurrectionem.  
 So also the

*Aquinas* (k) yet goes further, and assures us, *That we shall rise in the complete age of our Saviour, viz. 33 years old.* For whereas we read, *Till we all come in the unity of the Faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God to a perfect Man, to the measure of the STATURE of the fulness of Christ*, he (as also our *old Translations*) reads the *measure of the AGE of the fulness of Christ*. But this we safely may leave undetermin'd, being assur'd that *Man* shall awake destitute of nothing essential to his perfection, but not so secure of what *God* may esteem so essential.

Author of those Sermons or Homilies father'd on *St Ambrose*, vol. 3. pag. 44. *Ibi enim nec infans nec senex, nec parvus eris, qui non impleat dies suos; utpote filius resurrectionis & in mensuram venit plenitudinis Christi, ut nec desint alicui annorum spatia, nec supersus.*

But

But this is the *Resurrection* of those who have part in the *first Resurrection*. Others shall want the *glory*; but yet shall be endu'd with bodies, *free from corruption*; to protract their *torture* to eternity; with bodies *agile*, to entitle them to the greater *restlessness*; for the more *active* the *Sufferer*, the more *tormenting* the *Chains* and *Anguish*. Nor shall he want the prejudice of a *refin'd body*, that all his *senses* may be more *acute*, for entertaining each its *proper torment* to the most high improvement.

So now we see *Men shall be raised up*; and we see how. Unhappy then are they, that *put far from them here the evil day*; to be *shut up in worst of nights hereafter*. Woe to him, that *eats and drinks*, because to-morrow he shall *dye*; since, after that to-morrow, he must rise, and be *waken'd out of his sleep*. But happy he, thrice happy, who being to forego his life, *hid it with Christ in God*; at the last day they shall know where to find it. In the mean time *foolish* are those that *lament* him, since they again shall see him, if yet they are not still more *foolish*, by their neglecting to lie down like him. How is our *industry* concern'd, to care that our *uprise* be to felicity? by *death to sin*, and *rising again to newness of life*, to furnish our selves for a *Resurrection* free from a *second death*.

And will you know how 'tis to be *atchiev'd*? By doing so, as did the Subject of this dayes Solemnity. If you expect her *Character*, consult each man his loss in her *departure*. None need commend an absent Friend to those, who by that absence find much detriment. Go ask the *Poor*, Go ask the *Sick*, whose *Consolation* and *Relief* are now in a great measure gone to *Heaven* with her. How have the glories of the ancient

Heroes



Heroes liv'd in Records of blackest Ink ? So 'tis with her, for in our *sable fortunes*, in our *dark wants*, her worth is largely written. We need no tedious toil to prove her *happy*, as to her *Soul*, and ready for the *Resurrection*, as to her *Body*; our greatest Task will be (not to learn *how she is*, but ) to be *like her*, fit for our going, and our *Saviours coming*.

But you'll ask *how* ? Let the *Apostle* tell you ; *St. Peter*, designing to display *Christs dreadful coming* in his *third Chapter* of his *second Epistle*, endeavors to prepare men for it in his *first Chapter*, advising *diligence* in procuring

1. *Faith*, which believes *God true* in all his *promises*, which teaches *Man* to lay aside his *Reason*, that so he may be *more* than *Man*, and apprehend things much beyond the *reach* of *natural capacity*. *Faith is the evidence of things not seen*. *Faith*, which layes all our sins down at *Christs Cross*. *Faith*, which applies *Christs merits* to our selves. In short, *Faith*, which depends on the *Fathers* mercy, through the *Sons* sufferings and intercession, by the *Spirits* support and consolation, to evade deserved *destruction*, and attain most undeserved *bliss*: therefore to wake to happiness, take *Faith*, and add to your *Faith*

2. *Virtue*. Not *Virtue* in the general, because *Temperance* follows as a particular ; but *Virtue*, i.e. *Fortitude* or *Valor*. For so is *Virtus* render'd, when importing a single *Virtue*. Some *Grammarians* will inform us that it signifies *Manhood*, from *Vir* in the *Latine* ; and *Courage*, from *Agus*, the *God of War*, in the *Greek*, from whence comes *Agem*. Join to thy *Faith*  
Fortitude.



*Fortitude.* Fortitude, that nothing may enfeeble thy Resolves; That no *bad Times* prevail upon thy Principles, though *thousands* on thy left hand tumble down, and break the neck of *Conscience*, to preserve the *lives* of their Estates or Liberties; though at some other time (even in thy greatest danger) thou shalt discern the *fall* of a *lov'd Friend*, submitting to the frequent menaces and haughty looks of an *outlandish Foe*; yet still keep *Fortitude*, that thou may'st stand in the evil day; and when thou hast done all, may'st stand. But yet to this *Virtue*, must be added

3. *Knowledge*, whereby you may discern 'twixt good and bad, and not be lead by an *implicite Creed*; but have a *Faith according to knowledge*, and be able to give a reason of the *Faith that is in you*. In vain is *Courage*, where there is no *Sight*; what signifies *stout Hands*, and ne're an *Eye*? Not that we should with too much eagerness pursue *Speculations*; nor read much, that we may know how to talk much, but study to know *Christ*, and him crucifi'd; For it is life eternal to know *God*, and *Jesus Christ* whom he hath sent; therefore to wake to *Happiness*, take *Knowledge*, and to that add

4. *Temperance.* By *Fortitude*, Man overcomes another; by *Temperance*, himself. Not only in affair of *Eating*, of *Drinking*, and of things of *Pleasure*, but even of *Passion* too; still entertaining from *malevolent spirits* whatever actions of hostility, yet keeping still a *temper* that shall never vary with *provocation*. To *Temperance* add

H

5. *Patience,*

5. *Patience*, which does empow'r a man to embrace *Affliction*. *Patience*, which overcomes by being beaten, which *lives* on *Death*, and *dyes* for want of *danger*; for where no *peril* is, no *patience* can be. What although *Children* (which are at once *mens images* and *hopes*) lie down in *Dust*, and *Graves* (short as their *Lives*) of a span long? What though they fall greater, and of nearer expectation of *Manhood*? What although *Wives*, though *Husbands*, (*excellent Husbands*) languish, groan, and dye? What although *cruel* and *prolong'd Distempers* poyson our *Constitutions*? And what though much more *cruel Tongues* poyson our *Reputations*? Yet still we must submit to *Gods* disposure, and gratefully receive whatever he permits to be inflicted; knowing that our *Saviour* enter'd not into joy, but first he suffer'd pain; that we, following the example of his *patience*, may (when the *Heavens* shall be no more) awake up after his likeness. But add to *Patience*

6. *Godliness*, which does enroll men *Citizens of Heaven*, whilst they are *Sojourners on earth*. This does unteach *remissness* in *Devotion*, and suffers not mans *Temporal Calamity* to hinder or disable *Spiritual Piety*. This renders men zealous for *Prayer*, and ardent in it, forward themselves, and instigating others. Above all things make supplication, sayes the *Apostle*; First seek the *Kingdom of Heaven*, sayes his *Master*; That when ye shall be rais'd, ye may awake to a new *Heaven*. Take

7. *Brotherly Kindness*, which teaches men not to exalt

exalt themselves, but *clips* the wings of *Arrogance*. It treats the *lowest* and the *poorest* affably, instructing ev'n the *powerful* to bow, and condescend to the *necessities* of the most abject. *All Mankind* is our *Brother* earth, and each man should be *kind* to his *Brother* earth; that when he shall be *waken'd* from his *Mother* earth, he may for ever live with *God the Father of Heaven*. But above all, take

8. *Charity*, which loves *God* above all things for his own sake, and her *Neighbour* as herself for *Gods* sake. Which doth not behave it self unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provok'd, thinketh no evil, which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. (1). Which relieves *Friends*, and remits *Enemies*, praying for those that despitefully use her. This *Virtue* shall endure, when *Faith* and *Hope* are superseded by *Fruition*; this shall attend us, when they shall be no more, when the *Heavens* shall be no more, when we shall be *awaken'd* out of our *sleep*. Therefore be diligent to get these *Virtues*, looking for *Christs* coming, that you may be found of him without spot and blameless, 2 Pet. 3. 14.

(1) 1 Cor. 13:  
vea. 5. 7.

I have been long addressing to your *Ears*, now I apply my self to your *Memories*. Out of *S<sup>t</sup> Peter*, I have read you words, how you may fit you for the *Resurrection*; but if you'll learn by *Deeds*——then There's the *Text*, Read it, and Read it well. O make the *old Rule* true, which tells us how much *President* instructs beyond *Precept*. She dyed indeed, and there's our loss indeed; but being dead, she speaks, there's our advantage; yea, and still lives, there's her felicity. She sought



